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MEDIISTATY, March 28, 1865.

Middlebury Register.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1865. VOL. XXX.

NO 14.

POETRY.

" So Run that Ye May Obtain."

Run well thy race, Though flesh and heart and soul combine, To lure thee, from the course divine, Turn not aside, cease not the strife, But runing, win eternal life. Be not cast down; no faithful soul Hath ever failed to reach the goal. All racers in this course shall win. However slow, or late begin. The dullest courser o'er the ground, Shall make the goal and then be crowned. Provided, he by rule contend. And running stop not, of the end.

Where most or mound or shard may lay, To trip thy feet, or block thy way, Where lions growl, or vulture swoon Let not the speed nor spirits droop; thr when through loss of strength or real, Thou lag behind, O then appeal By prayer to Him, who ne'er denles, To weary ones, all true supplies, He not o'ercome, be not cast down, Let no swift racer take thy crown, Run well thy race.

"Springstie June 1905

MISCELLANY. JOHN RODMAN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

For a deed be had not done John Rodman was arrested, tried, found guilty, and was sentenced to ten years' imprison-

Ten years, beginning at twenty-five. The best years of his life. Circumstantial evidence, which has doomed many a witness, who took his oath to a lie, with God's name upon his lips, and his guilty hand upon God's holy Bible. It was a horrible fate; and what was worst of all no one believed him innocent-friends, brothers, casual acquaintances, all shook their heads and said, "It was a dangerous thing to trust a wild young man with so much money."

Only Eva Fay, his young betrothed, sent him a tiny note, blurred with her tears, wherein shone these words--beacon lights to that unhappy man on that dark sea of sorrow.

'My derling whatever others think I will trost and love you until I die.'

have spoken words of hope and tenderness, with her white hands in his own, he rould have borne his hard fate far better. But they would not let her enter the prison walls.

Who could blame them thinking what gem. So the girl of sixteen could only break her heart in silence, and her lover bow beneath the just law which for once

shook the earth. In the prison, one monotonous routine divided the days, and the nights were only marked by the exchange of sun for gas-light.

John Rodman's soul was crushed; considered a felon by all he grew to feel like one-to shrink from the eyes of honest men, and have no hope on earth or in heaven save in those prison walls Sometimes he said, 'Ten years will

end at last.' And then he asked himself. 'For what? My life is wasted. I cannot begin again."

And untimely snows fell upon his hair. and wrinkles drew themselves upon his brow. And when at last the prison door was opened to let out the poor wronged man, he felt older than most men do at fifty. He stood in the world, without a cent, or decent clothes, or any place to hide his head; and bowed beneath the sense of his great wrong and bitter

There came out with him an old thick one of his jail companions-a bald, bold man, with a spot of gratitude somewhere Millinery,
Dress Goods,
Shawls,
Furs,
Worsted Goods

H say, what are you go in the midst of his heart. He followed John Rodman and came up to him in a lonely place, at the bleak corner of a road, where he had stopped, puzzled, try-

I say, what are you going to do!' he 'Do f' said John, gloomily. 'Earn an

honest living or hang myself." 'Can't let 'em know you've been in ther,' said the thief, pointing prison-ward 'or you can't do the first; and before you put your neck in a noose, come to our place. You will find a friend there, and a welcome. You was good to me in there, and I like you, and he ended with an oath.

John Rodman shuddered. He knew what haunts that man made his home in, Sheep Shears,
Sheep Blanketing.
Blue Vitriol, Nitric Acid, Salphur, Butter of Antimony, Corrosive Sublimate, and White Vitriol, at SHELDON'S.

what haunts that man made his home in, and a horrible dread of himself came over him. He had been called a thief so long that it seemed quite possible that the actual life of one might his hefore him. actual life of one might lie before him.

He grew cold from the heart out.
'I shall earn an honest living some how,' said he. 'All I want is bread, and a shelter. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' said the thief. 'It's 5-Alley, if you want to come there, you And they parted-John Rodman tak-

ing the road toward New York. His first thought, when he quite understood that he was free, was of Eva. Not that he might woo or win her after ten years of disgrace, but only to see her once and tell her how, through all those 52tf years, he had remembered and worshipped her. He hardly guessed himself, how he had changed. The brooding hang-

had been a spruce young tellow, handsome as a picture.

to hold or a job to do and earnt a pit-

It was a place frequented by Germans, others, and with a sanded floor and bare pine. At t tables. But it had its elegancies, too. And opposite the table where John Rodman sat, hung a square mirror and two beneath a bed on the upper floor. gaudy prints. John looked at one of these, then at the other.

At last toward the mirror. a man was looking at him through it, at

the first glance. poor wretch; he dont seem human .-

no more fearful pang. That miserable creature was John Rodman—was the being of whom he said I-that-that

He hid his head in his arms, and was only saved a sane man by a flood of tears. The polegmatic Germans only fancied him at that stage in his cups, when weep ing comes quite natural. One, a yellow-

taken And John Rodman, broken-hearted and quite crushed, crept out into the street, his own image haunting him like man, doomed him. That, and a false a ghost. Oh, the lost youth! the bright was his grave dug? Who was this, a bad entered he departed, and fled for life, bless you, darling," and laid his head up-blot on the sunshine, a creature stamped But before he left he had scribbled in the on his wife's white arm and rested hapblackguard-beggar-miserable ?

John Rodman - John Rodman - John Rodman could it be !

The glimpse of his own face had been he lived to let her see and know him.

Rodman muttered; for Go I and the an-Could she have come to him, could she gels know I suffered punishment for a Nerved by the knowledge that you love when an idea struck me that our pork meant to be honest while I live.

Then the memory of a time when he God bless and keep you. Adieu.' had had the hopes and dreams that glad-

clean black coats were to be had; labor Eva's love.

their. And so days came and passed, and other days, and with them no regular employment. But somehow he picked fond embraces of a mother, wife and up enough for meals and lodging by put-

He who had been-nay, was, for he had only been unfortunate—not guilty—a followed; but through them Private gentleman by birth of nature. He strove John Rodman bore bravely—so brave and prayed for patience and for death, that the fact was noted and spoken of. ess came to him.

dismal cellar way, for three long days man took his place, and nights. On the fourth, at dusk, he

slammed in his face. gasping prayer for charity.

was just taking from her stove oven a breath for having saved him and made great pan of biscuit, and a comfortable him what he was. supper smoked on the board.

The fragrance of the warm bread made him faint with longing. His fingers qui-vered. He humbly said, hat in hand † Blood ran like water. Brave men were " A piece of bread, if you please,ma'am," as a child might.

He no more dreamt of any possibility of refusal than of seeing those warm biscuit turn into stone. But that woman comfortable with good

food, rosy from her warm fire and lamplight, turned on him in vizen fashion: too lazy. You'd best tramp if you don't

want the dog set on you. Here, Carlo! John Rodman turned without a word. He was growing blind and deaf. He part in it. staggered out into the street, and stumbling against a man who was passing. The latter first uttered an oath, then a cry,

from at the prison gates. And four doors His mind was active once more, and he off was the alley he had before named. An hour after, rascals, who deserved wound, and fall. He felt the stump of a

and elbows. A squalid beggarly wretch, that well-bred, honest people had denied and a great sigh heaved his bosom. Then

They let him rest after that, until he So he toiled on toward her city, and his wrongs heavy upon him—with those when faint with thunger, found a horse thieves his only friends—he fell at last.

A dwelling was to be robbed, and John Rodman was amongst those who were to So, when he crawled into town, he pillage it. His task was a dangerous one. had a shilling, and being faint, slunk into He was to enter the house, conceal hima restaurant hard by to get a glass of ale. self until a safe hour, and then let in the

At twilight, while the household were in the dining-room, he crept in at a back window, made his way up stairs, and hid

There he crouched until the house grew still, and one by one the inmates ascended the stairs. At last some one stopped at He thought it was a window and that that dopr and entered. If it should prove a stalwart man, his task was doubly dangerous. He peeped out. It was a wo-What an ill-loking dog, thought John. man—a fair woman—with golden hair I wouldn't [trust him. How he stares and blue eyes, whose face he could plainly see, and who put down her lamp and sat Ah! Oh! my God! It is myself! beside a table. From thence she took a
It was an awful moment. Death has box, and, opening it, drew out some letportrait, and a lock of hair, which she kissed, and fell weeping over. Then she buried her face in her hands, and prayed, murmuring the words over, but uttering

one louder than the first. John Rodman almost screamed in his agitation-that word was his own name! And in a moment he knew that this was haired grocer, grinned and quite enjoyed Eva Fay, and that, constant to his mem-the joke—and that was all the notice ory even yet, she prayed for him.

wept, brushing the tears aside to watch 'I will,' her, until she began to disrobe herself, when he veiled his face in honor of her haired, bright-eyed boy, who had loved chaste womanhood. Intently he listened Eva Fay, where was he gone? Oh, the in the alter darkness, until her breathing stalwart, handsome man into whom that grew regular and neavy, and he knew she youth should have changed! Where slumbered, and then by the window he was his grave dug? Who was this, a had entered he departed, and fled for life.

darkness upon a card these words: "Eva. I have been near you. I am loathsome with prison life and prison associations. I dare not let you see me now. enough, and with clenebed hands and You believed me innocent of that crime of blood-shot eyes turned Heavenward, he which they charged me. God bless you! vowed never to see Eva Fay, never while I was innocent then. Yet since that time I have been on the verge of crimes as But perhaps I may in Heaven, John great, Pray for me, as I heard you crime I never committed, and that I me still, John Rodman may yet make a name for which you shall not blus t-

He laid this upon her table, and went den the lives of other men, swept over forth a man again. He walked the streets John Rodman's soul. He had expected antil day light, praying inwardly. When pected living, and remembered dead; posted over night. The first call for men went, new ones came. Inventions set the world ablaze. Wars and rumors of wars and rumors of wars. He sought for work next day. He was a splendid pennan and a good account- could almost have keelt in the open ant. But men looked at his rags and street to utter a thank-giving. In this at the prison mould which seemed to soldier's love he saw escape from crime hang about him and drew back. Men in and want, and a path to honor and to his

was at a discount. It was a favor to In an hour he was enlisted under the grant it. One or two asked for his let- banner of the Union, and a few weeks ters of introduction, or references. He al- afterwards marched with his comrades most laughed in their faces, with a bitter from the city. As those brave men passrecollection of the fact that he had been ten years in prison on a false charge of hats were lifted and handkerehiefs waved, and bright eyes grew dewy. Some amongst the band had sweet farewells from woman's lips to cheer them; many, many children. John Kodman had but the og in coal or menial work of the same memory of his constant Eva's prayer for

him. He needed nothing else. Those were hot and bloody days that until, at last, the deepest depth of dark- At last he saved his Colonel's life at the risk of his own, and Private John Rod-No food, no fire, no shelter, save a man was no more, for Sergeant John Rod-

After that brave deeds and promotion crept out to beg. It did not matter who followed hand in hand; and now and knew him; he could shame none.

He went to one great door. It was read his name. His form grew erect then John Rodman hoped that Eva might He stopped an old once more; his eye bright; his old looks gentleman, and was threatened with ar- returned; and still a braver soldier never rest. He staggered, faint with hunger to trod the field. He was captain now .other doors. No, no, always no to his A gentleman and an officer of rank. In se two long years of batte he had suf-At last, in a low, poor street, he open-fered much by wounds, privations and ed a kitchen door, where a fat woman anxiety. Yet he thanked God with every

One burning July day dawned upon a fearful battle-hand to hand-tooth and appalled; some turned cowards and fled -not John Rodman. His bright eye and haughty face, his cheerful cry, his own during, encouraged his men, and old soldiers marked him and applauded his

A woman's feeble pen can scarce paint the battle-field; mine will not attempt it. Bread † You're able to earn your Enough that I tell you the bravest deed own bread. I don't encourage men beg- of that great day was done by Captain gars. There's work for them as aren't John Rodman. And when night came, he lay senseless and pallid as a corpse up-on a cot in the long tent hospital, while on the wings of the press sped over half the world tidings of that day and of his

Out of a death-like trance John Rodman awoke, and the moon was shining down on him, and near a shaded lamp a and caught him by the hands.

It was the thief whom he had parted of course, and he closed his eyes again. remembered all-the fight and his jail and the gallows, every one of them, bandaged limb, and knew his soldier's life even conquer; but a coward can never had given John Rodman the good food, was over. A few tears arose in his eyes, forgive.

he heard the nurse arise and draw near and bend over him, and opening those grow strong and doubly desperate. With tear-filled eyes, he saw through the mist, the face of Eva Fay.

'Is it a dream?' he said. 'Oh, Eva, can it be possible that you are here?" And she cried : Thank Heaven, he knows me. It is

no dream, dear John.' She sat with her hand in his and her check against his own. For a while John

was happy, then sad again. Eva spoke to cheer him. 'Do you wonder how I came here?'

'Yes, angel.' 'Ah! I have kept watch over you ever since I first read your name, I am very proud of you, John. Do you know they have made you a colonel?"

moment. 'A poor colonel, Eva-a crip- fellow's house in the State of Matrimony, pled man who will scarcely lift a sword ain. Oh, Eva-'My poor, poor darling.'
I did not think of this. I did so hope supposed to exist.'

to come to you in strength and health to ters, time-worn and yellow, a miniature offer you fame and fortune. I dare not line of the State of Matrimony ? will you have a poor maimed soldier ! It would be wronging you.' Eva bent over him. 'It would be of no use, John.'

'I do not blame you, Eva.' And he tion. hid his face. darling, the day I came here we believed you dying: and that I might stay and nurse you lo the last, I told the chaplain

John clasped her in his arms, it was a dream. I have had so many, Eva. And it is true quite true ?"

'As Heaven, darling. Then John Rolman murmured, God

Pig-Oir.-The other day, as I was walking out, I met a friend of mine, one Lucius O'Roon, a regular Hibernian. As we were walking along, he told me about I have. Had rather conjugate." a little oil-well he thought he had found on his premises.

Well, yez must know, one day while I was in me back-yard foreninst the pigsty, I would not care if it were a little comwas very oily -- be the same token I'd often told Mrs O'Roon the same thing.

'Do yez think so, Lucius dear !' she'd Ov coorse I do, says I, and I can't tell the rason ov it! But we said no they did! And she was too young, too be rich and famous, to have a wife gentle, to resist them by force or strata- and children about his heart, to be res. many a wall and femer new placeards, stanling by the pigsty, looking at the pigs rolling in the wather, I thought that the now, at thirty five, his hopes were these; bud been made. Columbia's voice sum- creatures looked shelt and oily. Howly a crust to eat, a hole to crawl into by moned her sons to her aid, and thousands mother, says I, but them pigs have imbow beneath the just law which for once had done injustice.

They parted, and the years rolled on one after another. In the world strange changes happened, and there were deaths and marriages and births. Old faces

the doorway. 'Arra, wirra, wirra!' cried Mrs. O' Roon, 'the blessed pig is kilt!'

'Devil take the pig !' says I. 'Hurroo! come to me arms, Mrs. O'Roon; sen't it me that'll be as rich as the kings ov ould Ireland! 'What's the matter wid yez, me Luci-

us? Is it drunk or mad ye is !' 'It's drunk wid joy I am, Judy dear. Hurroo! bless the pigs! Bless the pigsty! Bless Saint Petroleum! Bless—' 'Blessed Virgin, what's come over

hun. ? hollered Mrs. O'Roon, crossing Tye struck it! I've struck it!' says

'He's been fighting!' says Judy.
'I't out in the yard!' says I 'What'ts out in the yard ?' says she.

'An oil-well,' says L 'And wid that I brought her out, and showed her the well.

'Bad scran to yes, Lucius O'Roon,' says she, 'is that what yez scared the life out ov me, and scalded the little pig for? Faix, an' if that's an oil-well it's aisy to make one; for it's only the oily pork-water I threw in the puddle.

A GOOD BARGAIN .- A good story is told of a Vermont farmer, who had a dog to sell, but who set an excessive value on the animal according to his neighbor's views. His price was one hundred dollars. He was frequently offered thirty and thirty-five dollars, which he refused, and always assured his friends he would get his price for the dog.

One day he returned from a journey, and immediately proclaimed that he had sold his dog for one hundred dollors. said his neighbor, "did you

get cash !" "No," said the farmer, "not exactly cash, but what is equivalent.' "Well, what did you get ?" persisted the friend.

"Why, I got two fifty dollar dogs." In a Houn -One day last week, a well-dressed, handsome man, with an unmistakable air of salt water about him. was standing at the bar of the St. James, looking lovingly at one of Joe's excelsior drinks, just manipulated and shoved over to him. Second gentleman came in, stopped suddenly, and looked at No. I as if he knew him. Then he hailed: "Beg pardon, sir, but haven't you been round the Horn !" "Ay, ay, shipmate, more'n a million of 'em. Hold on a second, and you'll see me round this horn."

When is a young lady like a poacher? When she has her hair in a net.

A coward may fight; a coward may

School-Room Exercise,

John, bound the State of Matrimony ? on the North by Solitude, on the East by Double trouble, on the South by Sore-shins, on the West by Vexation.'

'What are its chief products ?' 'Peevish babies, scolding wives, henpecked husbands, smoked coffee, burnt hams, and sour pies!'
'What is said of its climate!'

'It has a more varied temperature than any other state in existence. In that portion of it called the Honeymoon, the climate is salubrious and healthy-the atmosphere laden with the sweets of flowers of Hymen. In some parts the inhabitants experience a freezing cold reception when sy expect more warmth, and in some other parts there is all the burning sensa-'Ah! his heart arose and sank in one tion of the torrid zone. Sometimes a gets too hot to hold him, and strange to say, he travels with all speed, not to, but from the poles, where coal is generally

Sarah, has John given a correct out-

'Can't say, sir-never was in that state. Bill Simpkins gave me an invitation the other day to travel in it with him, and when I return I'll answer the ques-

'Well, S rah, as you seem to be igno-'None at all. John,' said Eva; 'for rant in geography, I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, ' marriage is a civil contract.' Parse marriage.'

· Marriage is a noun, because it's a Oh! the great joy to know it—oh! the we were betrothed, and he married us.—
horror of being where he was. Silently he Don't you remember, John! You said what's in a name, and says that a rose by other day; 'make way, we are the repany other name would smell as sweet, yet resentatives of the people.' 'Make way marriage being a noun, and, therefore, a yourself,' replied a sturdy member of the 'I remember,' he said, 'but I thought name, shows that the rule established by the bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage certainly is of a very great importance, and being a noun, and therefore a name, ergo, there is something

'Good! Well, what is the case of

marriage ?' Don't know, sir.'

'Decline it, and see.' Don't feel at liberty to decline mar-riage after having made. Bill the promise

'Jane, can you tell Sarah in what case

marriage is ?" ' Yes, sir, it's a very common case, and

moner. And I suppose Sarah won't be married a week before it's in the printer's 'Can you decline marriage !' Jane blushed extremely, and arswered: 'Had rather not, sir.'

Well, Sarah, what person is marriage l' · Second person, sir, because the person you speak to is one who is going to

. What number is marriage?"

* What gender is marriage?" 'Common gender, because either male or female may get married." · Does marriage govern anything, or does it agree with some things?"

Both, sir. It governs both mankind and womankind, and as to agreeing, it agrees with the world, and the rest of

mankind. 'Give your rule.' 'My rule is, that Bill shan't grumble if I buy two silk dresses a year, and shan't requested to stay longer. have but one teaspoonful of sugar in two

Charley W-, a manly little fellip so badly that a Surgeon had to be some one of the summoned to sew up the wound. He sat store "to sleep it off." On one of these in his mother's lap during the painful operation, pale, but very quiet, resolutely shutting back his tears and moans. her distress, the young mother could not wife comes down you may let her come refrain from saying, Oh, doctor, I fear in-she is a particular friend of mine!" it will leave a disfiguring scar!' Charley looked up into her tearful face, and said, in a comforting tone,- Never mind,

marama, my moustache will cover it ! An Irishman's Telescope. - A gentleman remarked one day to an Irishman that the science of optics was now brought to such perfection that, by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. 'My dear fellow,' replied the Irishman, 'I have one at my home in the County of Wexford that will be a match for it; it brought the church of Enniscorthy so near to my view, that I could

SAYING BOO TO A GOOSE -- A person being seated at table between two tailors, said, 'How prettily I am fixed between two tailors; upon which one of them re-plied, 'That being only beginners in busmess, they could not afford to keep more than one goose between them.

A Boston storekeeper the other day

stuck upon his door the laconic advertise-

ment: 'A boy wanted.' The next mor-

ning on opening the store, he found a lit-tle urchin in a basket, labelled: 'Here I do have a row with him now and then, said Mrs. Sharp to a lady friend. 'Yes, my dear,' was the reply, 'you love your

hub, no doubt, but you are always ready for another hub bub." A MOTHER'S PRIDE - The man who raised a cabbage-head has done more than all the metaphysics in the world, said a stump-orator at a meeting. 'Then,' replied a wag, 'your mother ought to have

GEN. LOGAN'S STAFF .- Just before the capture of Savannah, Gen. Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago, one fine morning, to take the cars East, on his way to rejoin his com-mand. The general, being a short dis-tance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car, about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman, with, 'Yees'll not be goin' in there.'
'Why not sir ?' asked the general. 'Because thims a leddies ener, and no gintleman 'll be goin' in there widout a leddy. There's wan sate in that caer over there, ef yees want it,' at the same time pointing to it. 'Yes,' replied the General, 'I see there is one seat; but what shall I do with my staff?' 'Oh! bother your schtaff, was the petulant reply; 'go and The State of Matrimony is bounded take the sate, an schtick yer schtaff out the windy.'

MARRIAGE AND WHISKEY .- A Highlander under the influence of whiskey, once went on a very hot day to be married. The services having commenced, the bridegroom was asked:

'Are you willing to take this woman to be your wedded wife?" 'Yes, he replied, wiping large drops of perspiration from his steaming face-'yes, if I can get a drink.'

SUICIDE.- Susan, 'srid a faithless swain to his betrothed, I have changed my mind; I shan't marry you.' Villainous, wasn't it? And what do you think was the result?—Savy-sighed?

'What a fool,' said Party Prim, when she heard of the capture of Jeff. Davis; of course the men would run after him if he was dressed as a woman, and he was ure to be enught." A MILD HINT .- An Irish servant havng carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time

for the customary fee: but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say. 'Mike, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honor have me to tell him ?" 'Make way, gentlemen,' cried a fussy

throng, 'we are the people themselves.' The following anecdote is told of Danel O'Connell : Meeting a prolific pamphleteer, whose productions generally found their way to the ; butterman, he said, 'I saw something very good in your new pamphlet this morning. 'Ah!' replied the gratified writer, 'what was it?' 'A

pound of butter,' was the reply. A well-known lawyer being sent for to ounsel some men accused of horse-stealing, in the jail at Waverly, Bremer coupty, was sent for also by an Irishman in another room in the same prison. 'Well, Pat, what do you want with me? 'Your honor, I just heard there was a lawyer in jail, and sure I wanted to see him.' 'Well, what do Eyou want with me?" 'An' what should I want wid you but to get me out of this.' 'And what are you here for !' Just for burglary I believe they call it !' And what is the testimony against you? 'And niver a bit at all, Only I tould the justice of the pace meself that I did it.' 'Well, if you have confessed it, I don't see but what you'll have to stay here.' 'An' is it that you say? Sure, now, and in the countbry I came from nivir a bit would they kape anybody in jail on such a thrifling ivi-

dence as that !! THE LENGTH OF A CALL -A convention might be held to decide upon the length of a call-how much etiquette requires to be made, and how much good judgment shall withhold. Emerson thinks that friendly calis should be strictly limited to ten minutes. Those that are not friendly, but merely designed to dawdle away an hour in frivolous conversation, could be dispensed with altogether .Calls upon editors should not exceed five minutes in length unless you are particularly

One of our leading Western merchants, unfortunately, is every year or two led away by the wites of King Bourbon, and low of five years, fell and cut his upper when his periodical fits come on, is wont occasions he gave his partner special orders not to allow any one to go into his In room; "but," said he, hesitating, "if my

> A Scotch woman having invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day, he accepted, with the reservation, 'If I am-"Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robnson, "if ye're dead I'll not expect ye." "My gracious!" exclaimed an urchin-

in New York, on beholding an English

carriage, with three footmen in livery, 'well, if it don't take three British to make one nigger!" A HARD HEAD. - An old gentleman. was relating a story of one of your "halfhorse, half-alligator," St. Lawrence boatmen. Says he: "He has a hard head the whole congregation singing for he stood under an oak in a thunderstorm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it seventeen times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession

> The French remedy for staring in the streets is good. It you regard a gentleman longer or more closely than politeness warrants, he takes off his hat to you.-An Englishman or Yankee would remark : "I hope, sir, that you'll know me again!"

on his head, and never flinched."

Paddy's description of a fiddle cannot be beat: "It was the shape and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its HUB BUB .- I love my dear hub though | belly and rubbed its belly wid a shtick, and och by St. Pathrick how it did squale."

If you should ever find it necessary in any way to assert your social rank, don't forget you are a gentleman, in proving that you are one

When does the male portion of a congregation become female ! When the hims are her'd.

What, best describes and most impedea pilgrim ! Ans. -Bunyan (Bunion)

who, when he last looked in a mirror.